

Voice-mail

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Summary: "Hey, I called to talk, obviously. But I think you're busy right now, lass kicking and shit. I know we were never officially together or anything but seeing you today
â€" "

Voice-mail

**A/N: I'm back again, this time with some Bowens. **

**This one is especially for mushyface. **

**Oh, disclaimer. I'm making all this up...? And don't profit from any of it. WWE owns the universe. **

* * *

><p>Becky isn't the type to hate other women but she can strongly dislike people. And that is the only feeling she can pinpoint the moment she sees that Kevin has posted another picture of his wife and his kids. It sends a pang of regret and sadness all the way down to her toes. She doesn't hate her, she doesn't even dislike her. It's Kevin she wants to strangle.<p>

When he told her that he was going to reconnect with the mother of his two kids, her first response was to laugh â€" a really loud laugh that would have made him join her if he weren't being serious â€" but he was so serious. She still thinks about it. The look on his face when he packed up the the clothes he'd left at her apartment a few weeks ago, it haunts her. The detached, unaffected expression was the same one he wore at work. But they were never like that together. He was sweet and caring, and made sure she was always happy. He supported her at work, made sure that everyone knew she was a superior wrestler. He was supposed to visit her family in Ireland with her. But that all changed and it still feels like she's been blindsided.

"Becky, I swear to god on highâ€|" Sasha elbows her as they sit on the floor in the hallway at the performance center. They're in Florida for RAW that week and chose to stop by so Sasha could see Finn. Becky needed the work out. Sasha looks sympathetic but she doesn't or hasn't said anything comforting, ever. She's not the type for pitying another person â€" which is amusing because she's the most emotional person Becky knows.. "Stop doing that!"

"I'm not doing anything." Becky argues back, tightening her ponytail. Her Irish accent is thicker because of the lump in her throat, she wants to just sob.

"That's my point." Sasha sighs, rolling her eyes. "Stop sulking. I can see you thinking about him."

Becky tries to pretend she has no idea what she means, but Sasha glares at her. The two friends stare at each other until Becky cracks. "I just don't understand, is all."

"Stop trying to." The magenta haired woman frowns, scooting closer to Becky on the floor. She takes her friend's hand and smiles sympathetically â€" to hell with tough love. "You torturing yourself over him isn't healthyâ€|" Sasha pats Becky's hand, "Ain't cute either." She adds jokingly.

Becky looks away, staring into the weight room where a lot of WWE and superstars are working together. She doesn't know when it really happened, but she sees Sasha calling her from inside so she must have been sitting there for a while before she realized her friend had gone inside.

Becky doesn't move.

She actively avoids everyone at RAW, it's Monday and she hates Monday's ever since Kevin and her stopped whatever they were. She knows it's because she always sees or hears about him.

And when she runs into him, literally, a lump forms in her throat.

"Still never watch where you're going?" He mutters, holding his hand out to pull her up. Hesitantly â€" just to feel the warmth of his palm â€" she lets him help her up.

"Clearly, it's you who's never payin attention." She huffs, pressing her hands to her thighs to hide that he still makes her nervous. It doesn't help that he's looking at her like he used to. It's not love, but a deep fondness â€" she thinks that's the only thing he's allowing himself to feel for her.

"Now who's not paying attentionâ€|" He muses, bending at his hips as he invades her personal space.

Her cheeks turn a shade of bright red. She hates that he can still hold such power over her even if he's broken her heart. He knows he has that power and he's milking it â€" taking his time to just look at her like he hasn't seen her in forever. It feels like just yesterday, they'd be sneaking off somewhere. But that was then and this is now. And now she wants to punch him and aim for his nose

She's flustered. And a flustered Becky should never attempt English. But she still does. "Didjhou want somet'ng?" It sounds like one complete, melodic, word. She groans cause she's sure that wasn't coherent.

But he understands.

Damn him for it.

"Nope." He shrugs. He pushes past her, but stops.

He squeezes his eyes shut. His wrestling boots squeak as he turns around, stepping back into Becky's personal space. He holds the end of her fishtail side braid, not looking her in her eyes yet. She could pull away from him but they both know she doesn't want to. He twirls the curled tail between his fingers.

She grabs his wrist â€“ so quickly, it makes a slapping noise â€“ and he finally looks at her. And she sighs. It's the okay he needed. He pulls her into a hug.

He still gives the type of hug that fills her up with warmth and makes her want to drown in whatever scent â€“ the mix of cologne and him â€“ that is she's smelling. She's off the floor, her gear clad body is wrapped up around him and she hopes that he never lets go.

She only knows she's crying when he sets her back on her feet and wipes at her eyes. The makeup team will want to kill her but won't say anything. He smears her mascara even more when his thumb drags under her eye. His head drops forward, onto her shoulder â€“ Becky wants to hug him â€“ but he stands straight before she can say anything. Her hands wrap around him, fisting the material of his newest WWE shirt. He's slimmed down since the last time she's been this close to him and his arms are still as divine as she remembers.

Then he kisses her, because what else is there to do â€“ other than running away? And she kisses him back, because he's still as persuasive as he's always been. She's not on her own feet again when she opens her eyes, just in time to see that he has her sitting on an abandoned crate, shielding them behind some more crates.

"Wait, wait, wait, wait, waitâ€¦" She pushes him away, her accent so thick it sounds as if she's stuttering and trying to say weigh. He seems to realize what he's just done and backs away, already on his default setting â€“ anger. Then she feels stupid. He was doing what she wanted, he was making a choice â€“ her â€“ but then again, probably not.

"Shit, Beck." He sighs, shaking his head and scuffling his naturally spiky hair. "I'm sorry."

He's never said sorry to her before then.

And she wants to laugh, and cry, and fight him. Like a tsunami, all her emotions hit her at once. She wants to kick him right in his chest â€“ all she would have the do is lift her leg â€“ he's right there, ready for it too. And then the Almighty Kevin Owens looks

wounded.

She's still angry.

"You're sorry?!" She yells, staring at him. Her hands grip the edge the crate, "You're sorry? For what, Kevin? Kissing me just now, or breaking my heart because both of them are still fresh in my head." And again, her words bled together. She's sure only he would understand what she's said.

And he doesn't want to.

Turning away, he pressing his fingers to his temples. How did they end up there? This is the part when he feels he should walk away and let her just deal on her own, but it's Becky and he owes her an answer at least.

"All of it."

Her eyes narrow and then he knows that's not enough to explain why he just ended them before they could even start. This is probably why people label relationships, so there's no confusing actions. But they said to hell with it all and didn't make it known what they wanted from each other.

"Did it even mean anything to you? How about me? Did I-"

"Nope."

That silences her. Her mouth falls open in shock and he immediately wishes he hadn't said that. But he's a liar sometimes and therefore he's lied.

She launches herself at him, beating her forearms on anything she can reach. Per WWE's new rules, she's a superstar therefore he could defend himself against her if he really wanted to, but he doesn't. She pushes him with all her might, screaming incoherent things â€" things he's sure are very mean â€" and he deserves all of it. Though, he's never going to admit it.

"I hate you!" She screams as backstage personnel rip her off of him. Her braid is frayed and her gear is twisted, she has to readjust her top.

He stands there alone long after she's gone to be dealt with for attacking him. Usually â€" this version of himself that revels in his own douchebaggery â€" would let her get in trouble. But he makes sure to tell a passing referee that he'd started it.

"You're sure?"

Kevin rolls his eyes, and snaps, "Pretty damn sure."

Later that night, when RAW is over, and he's back at home. His kids are asleep and his wife left before he could even get through the door properly. But he supposes this is what he gets. He was trying to do the right thing by agreeing to work out the issues they were having since he signed with WWE. Her biggest gripe was the move from Canada. He couldn't even get settled before she was telling their son

that they were moving back. But Kevin still pays bills for a house and an apartment in Orlando.

Kevin rolls over and wonders why he couldn't have just said no. Why was he so certain that he wanted this? Becky was too supportive of him to be treated the way he had. He discarded of her as if she hadn't sat up at night and let him just talk. He was lying there alone because of his stupid choices.

He told her she meant nothing to him.

Some part of him wanted to believe he didn't deserve this â€“ he was being punished unfairly by a higher power or something â€“ but he knew he did. He wanted to be in a stable relationship and have a family at the same time. And for some reason, mixing the two hadn't sounded as easy as fixing what was broken with his wife. It was idiotic to think that starting over with someone who was all in with him without incentive â€“ because really, he couldn't give Becky anything she didn't already have â€“ she just wanted to be with him. His sarcasm? She understood it. His attitude? She gave it right back, tenfold. He let it all go because â€“ was there even a legitimate reason for breaking her heart?

He's not going to sleep. He can't. His pillows smell like her. She's spent so much time in his place that it just smells like her everywhere.

And then he's dialing her number, hoping she'll answer her phone.

Her voicemail is something he's realized he'll never get used to hearing. Her Irish accent isn't easy to understand sometimes, but it never gets in the way with himâ€¦ Even when he'd make fun of it. He always understood her. The rasp in her tone was always endearing and appealing. And it's all there in the greeting.

_ "Hello there, you just missed me. I'm prob'bly off somewhere doin' some lass kickin'. I'll have to get back to you. But til then, listen for the beep and you'll know what to do." _

Her voicemail greeting always makes him chuckle.

He leaves a message.

Becky watched the notification of the missed call light up on her screen. Her thumb hovers over the reminder, thinking of calling back. She wants to curse at him and yell and promise to punch him the next time she sees him.

He's such a shitty person, she doesn't know how he's managed to even live this far along in life without being stabbed at least once. But then she remembers that he can be sweet and caring. And all her conflicting emotions roll back to her again. She thinks of his hugs and his kisses. And how he could always make her laugh and would never let her drink alone.

She unlocks her phone and checks her missed calls. And then, she sees his number in red. Seconds later, the window pops up on her screen, telling her he's left a message. Morbid curiosity leads her to opening her voicemail and she clicks a little too quickly.

It's not long before she hears his breathing, then a deep sigh. His voice is deeper when he's sleepy or upset. Immediately, she wants to burst into tears.

_ "Hey," he clears his throat. "I called to talk, obviously. But I think you're busy right now, lass kicking and shit." He stops again, and there's some shuffling in the background, like he was sitting up. Then silence._ She thinks the message is finished, but she hears his breathing again. _ "I know we were never officially together or anything but seeing you today â€“" his voice stops, _ and she can just picture what his face probably looked like. He sounds on the verge of tears, she is. "_ I fucked us up. I think I can live with that. But that doesn't stop it from feeling like someone's carved my heart out of my chest and stomped on it. You must think I sound like a complete tool. Anyway. I'm not really sure why i'm leaving this voicemail other than to tell you that my pillow still smells like you and I miss your face." _

She tosses her phone away because she couldn't handle how she was feeling. Everything between them feels too heavy and she still wants to be angry. It's a new one in this cycle he's put them on.

Exceptâ€|. .

She likes the sound of his voice. He has an accent too â€“ it's just not as...unpleasant as she thinks her's can be.

Andâ€|

She really wants to talk to him.

Butâ€|

She really should leave him alone and let him rot.

So she settles for the voicemail. She replays it over and over again. She should delete it. But she doesn't.

And when he calls again, she answers.

End
file.